

Tea of Quality

"SALADA"

is blended only from tender young leaves & buds that yield richly of their delicious goodness. Try SALADA to-day.

Luella's Husband

PART III.

While Luella was struggling with indecision, the man regained his wits and began a lightning series of scramblings and splashings and plungings that brought him upright and sent him skating against the outer door. He unlocked it and dashed out. "My good gracious!" murmured Luella. She leaned against the door jamb, feeling weak now that everything was over. Nothing happened for a few minutes.

Faintly Luella heard the opening of the front door. Someone was stealing quietly through the house. She clutched the pocket of her bathrobe with her left hand, and with her right she seized the electric iron. Dropping her pocket long enough to turn the key in the door that led into the dining room, she took up a fighting attitude.

The steps approached. The door knob turned. Luella's chest lifted, and she threatened through the pane: "Get out of this house. I'm armed." The intruder by this time became possessed of the power of speech. "Why, Luella! What's happened, honey?"

"Oh, my Lord!" groaned the fighter. It was a full minute before she could gather the strength to unlock the door. Warren burst into the room. "What's the matter? Are you sick, honey?"

Then Warren looked about. "Gee whiz!" he said. He spanked soopily into the laundry and gave the stopper chain a yank.

"I didn't suppose—it was you," gasped Luella. "I didn't hear the car." "Of course you didn't, honey. How'd that soap keg get knocked off?"

Luella told him about it. But reviewing the facts confirmed her opinion that she had been abused and she began to sob passionately.

"Now, now, dear!" Warren dropped into a chair and drew her into his lap—which was doing pretty well after ten years, because Luella was damp from tears and her bathrobe and slippers were dripping. Moreover, Warren wasn't in any romantic situation himself, his feet being partially under water at the minute.

"Poor little honey girl!"

With her head on his breast, she sobbed in agreeable self-pity. Then she stiffened. This wasn't any way to treat a man who had done the wrong thing ever since noon. She sat up.

"If he'd got the money, it would be your fault." She hastily wiped away the tears, by way of being more severe.

"You spend more time on neighbors and friends than you do on your own affairs, and that's one reason you're always behind. You're too easy. Think of your going five miles to-night to attend to a horse when they had a veterinarian right there. You hadn't any right to leave me to guard that money."

"I intended to get back by ten o'clock, honey. Honest, I did. I guess we pulled the horse through, but it was a hard fight. And, I golly, Luella, it does me good to think what a brave little wife I've got. How'd you scare the fellow off?"

"Why, I—just stood there," faltered Luella. "And looked at him," she added.

Warren smiled. "Saved your wea-

pons for your poor old husband, did you?"

"By George!" He snipped his knees. "Isn't it a lucky thing I didn't get that washer fixed right? I'd been intending to do it for several days, but if I had—"

"I'm going to bed," announced his wife coldly.

The next morning the bill fold went down to breakfast in Warren's pocket. Luella was reading the morning paper when he reopened the subject that had now burned in the household almost a day.

"If I put the money in the bank, we won't be getting high interest."

"I've been thinking of that, Warren. It's only 4 per cent. We ought to get more. You remember the Deane Wheelock place in Eastwood? The house burned last year."

He nodded.

"The paper says that the land will be auctioned off this afternoon at two-thirty. If we could get it for the twelve hundred, or even a few hundred more—Will you bid it in?"

"Why, sure, if it goes cheap enough."

In spite of her fears of delay he backed the car out at two o'clock. They got past the house and the length of the apple orchard; then the little car stopped.

"Now what's wrong?" cried Luella. Warren looked hopelessly at the dashboard, as one idiotically does. Then he swung out, cleaned a small stick and stuck it into the gasoline tank.

"Yes, sir," he admitted, dolefully, "she's dry. I intended to look before we started, but I forgot it."

"Warren Peck, how could you?"

"I intended to look, Luella," he repeated mildly. "I'll have to go back, but I'll hurry."

Presently Warren came back with a one-quart mason jar filled with gasoline.

They covered half a mile with smooth swiftness. Then the car began to jerk. Warren put on the brakes.

"Gash, it's that nail."

"Were we driving with a nail. Warren Peck, are you crazy?"

"It's the rear right," he said, getting out the jack. "I got a nail in that tire last week, but it seemed to stay all right, so the tire didn't go down. I intended to put on the spare and have this mended, but you know how it is."

At a quarter of three they started on again. The land was put up at the auction rooms in connection with furniture from a large house. The only chance that the Pecks would be in time was that the furniture might be offered first.

But it wasn't. When they arrived, the land had already gone for fourteen hundred dollars. Luella was bitterly disappointed. Besides, banking hours were over for the day; and instead of using this money as a partial payment, they would have it on their hands two more nights, for this was Saturday.

It was five o'clock when they began to chug homeward.

"Something funny about that money," Warren broke the silence with a chuckle. "We can't seem to get it invested."

Suddenly Luella saw a chance. She had been trying for years to persuade Warren to sell the three acres, move into Eastwood and work as an electrician, which his training had fitted him to do.

"Why don't we use this to begin buying a home in Eastwood?" she suggested sweetly. "Roy Calder is building a lot of houses. There's one that's almost finished. It would be easy to sell our place."

"All right, if it would suit you, honey. We'll go around before long and look at the place."

"Let's go now," insisted Luella. "It's pretty late."

"It won't take long."

The place was locked, the workmen gone, but they went in through the basement.

The house pleased them both.

"All right, honey," he agreed. "I'll hunt up Roy Calder in a few days and see if we can fix it."

They went home happy, both of them. Luella sang merrily as she broiled the steak. She beamed radiantly when Warren came into the kitchen, but the radiance faded as she looked at him.

"That money!" he gasped. "It's gone."

"Gone!" she shrieked. "When did you lose it?"

"I don't know. I didn't discover it till just now. He seemed dazed."

Luella snatched the broiling steak from the fire and slapped it on the patty.

"Did you have it in the bill fold?"

He nodded. "That's gone, too."

Then, as if the words choked him, he added, "It—must have slipped out of my pocket."

"Slipped out! How do you mean? How could it slip out?"

"Well, you see—Warren shuffled his right foot nervously over the linoleum. "There was a little rip in that pocket. Now wait a minute, Luella. I intended to ask you to sew it up—honest, I did—but I pinned it and I forgot."

"Your dinner's ready," interposed Luella shortly.

But her abandonment of the subject was only temporary. The more contrite Warren became, the higher waxed her wrath.

She prodded him to drive into Eastwood and insert an advertisement in the paper.

"But my name was on the bill fold," he told her. "If anybody finds it, he'll know right off whose it is."

"How many people do you think would return it because of that?" she inquired.

But she couldn't get him started. Monday noon she was still arguing for the newspaper.

"I suppose I'll have to put a notice in," Warren replied slowly, "but I couldn't make it seem that it would do any more good than my name on—"

"You never can," she said bitterly. She heard him get out the car and drive off.

An hour later she answered a ring at the back door. Roy Calder stood there.

"Is Warren here, Mrs. Peck?"

"No, he's gone into Eastwood. He lost some money Saturday."

"Yes, I know he did."

He drew out Warren's bill fold and laid it on the kitchen table.

"You found it," she breathed thankfully.

He nodded. "Warren dropped it in the basement of that house I'm building. I found it Saturday night, but I couldn't get him on the telephone."

"No, you couldn't," she said dryly. "But—Saturday night—"

He smiled. "You're wondering why I didn't bring it before. Well, I'll tell you. When I found that money, I thought it had dropped straight out of heaven. I'd got too much spread out on building a lot of houses at once, and I'd got to the last ditch on ready money. The workmen had just walked out on me."

"Oh!" exclaimed Luella. "And so you wanted to use this?"

"I did use it. I got it split up and I went around and hunted up my workmen and paid them off. And this morning they were all back on the job and with everything humming I was able to put through a deal that I've been aiming for. I sold the house to

a man I've been angling for and got a good payment. If I could have reached Warren by telephone I'd have let him know the money was safe, but, by George, I wouldn't have returned it."

"Oh, I'm so glad, Mr. Calder, that it fell into your hands instead of—"

"So am I," he put in fervently. "I needed it, but I wouldn't have dared to use it if it had belonged to anybody but Warren Peck. I couldn't come around yesterday to tell him, because after I'd started in on using it, I couldn't bear to mention it till I'd put the deal over. But I knew Warren would have let me have the money if I'd asked him, because he always ready to help a fellow."

"Bless the old scout, he's done me a good turn. I'm dividing my profit with him. He certainly earned it. He'll find two thousand in the bill fold."

"Two thousand!" Luella's eyes bulged.

"It's only fair, Mrs. Peck. He pulled me out of a hole, but I wouldn't have taken the chance if I hadn't known Warren would understand. His heart is where it belongs. You drew a prize when you married Warren, Mrs. Peck."

When he had gone, Luella stood still. Then she crumpled into a chair, flung herself face down upon the table, one hand clutching the bill fold, and burst into tears.

(The End.)

Our New Serial.

A real story of the North Woods by the famous James Oliver Curwood—never before published in newspaper—will begin next week on this page.

Every Canadian man, boy, woman and child loves a dog. Here is a prize dog story—a tale of a husky born in the wilderness, of timberwolf breed, who comes to know man and to hate him for his cruelty, and who comes to know Nepeese, the beautiful, and to love her and to protect her. It is filled with reader interest, an entrancing novel of life in the woods, of man and women with the true hearts of adventurers, and above all, of a great and wonderful dog! You will enjoy it.

Masculine Reaction.

Nice Little Boy — "My daddy is smarter than your daddy. He can cook and sew and mind the baby as well as mamma, and he can sing, too, and play the piano and tell bedtime stories—"

Hard-Boiled Little Boy — "Jumpin' jiminy! If I had a daddy like that I wouldn't know whether to kiss 'im or kill 'im, but I'm pretty sure I'd kill 'im!"

Backdoor Realism.

"I say, cook," said five-year-old Marjorie, who was feeling hungry, "let's play I'm an awful-looking tramp. I'll ask you to give me a nice piece of pie, and you get frightened and give it to me."



1006
1007

Smart Mode for Outing Wear.

For sports wear, nothing quite so smart as this kimono blouse and bodice skirt for vacation days and holiday outings. Blouse has long or short sleeves, well-shaped collar, and a jabot of lace or georgette. Skirt, with straight lower edge, either gathered or accordion plaited, attached to a long-waisted camisole bodice. Ladies' blouse No. 1006 cut in sizes 34 to 44 inches bust. Size 38 requires 1 1/2 yard 36 or 40 inches wide with short sleeves. Ladies' skirt No. 1007 cut in sizes 34 to 44 inches bust. Any size requires 3 yards, 36, 40 or 44 inch material. For plaited skirt. Camisole 1 yard.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 20c in silver, by the Wilson Publishing Co., 78 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Pattern will be mailed same day order is received.

REMOVING RAIN SPOTS.

The first time I wore a new velvet hat I was dismayed when it became badly spotted with rain as I stepped out of a doorway.

After it had become dry I rubbed it very gently against the nap with fine steel wool until the spots disappeared. I have since successfully tried the same plan with rain spots on a light-colored felt hat.—A. M. A.

A Sweet Break at all times!

THE FLAVOR LASTS

After eating or smoking Wrigley's freshens the mouth and sweetens the breath. Nerves are soothed, throat is refreshed and digestion aided. So easy to carry the little packet!

WRIGLEY'S

-after every meal/ice!

WHEN YOU MAKE CARPET RUGS.

Now that old-fashioned rag rugs are so popular, a quick method of joining the length of cloth or the rugs will be welcome.

The work is done very much more quickly than when needle and thread are used, and the splicing is even stronger. The work is not so tedious. And in every home are numerous pieces of stout cloth which can be worked up to make attractive rugs of different sizes.

Cut the rags to the desired width. Lay the two ends of two rags together, lapping them a little. Cut a slit a little more than a quarter of an inch long on each rag. By placing one on top of the other a single slitting will do it. If the rag has been lapped the work is already half done. The next and last step is to slip the end of one rag through the double slit and draw it back. It will make a firm, smooth union, which will work up satisfactorily in the weaving.

Try a couple of rags and experiment with them. It will only take a moment to master the knack, and the chances are that the children will love to do this work, and will take pride in making neat balls on rainy days when they are restless and eager to do something.

Oven-birds build their nests, globular in shape and very thick of wall, in very exposed places. They use mud held together with hair and grass.

"It's guaranteed pure — and purity means value in soap —"

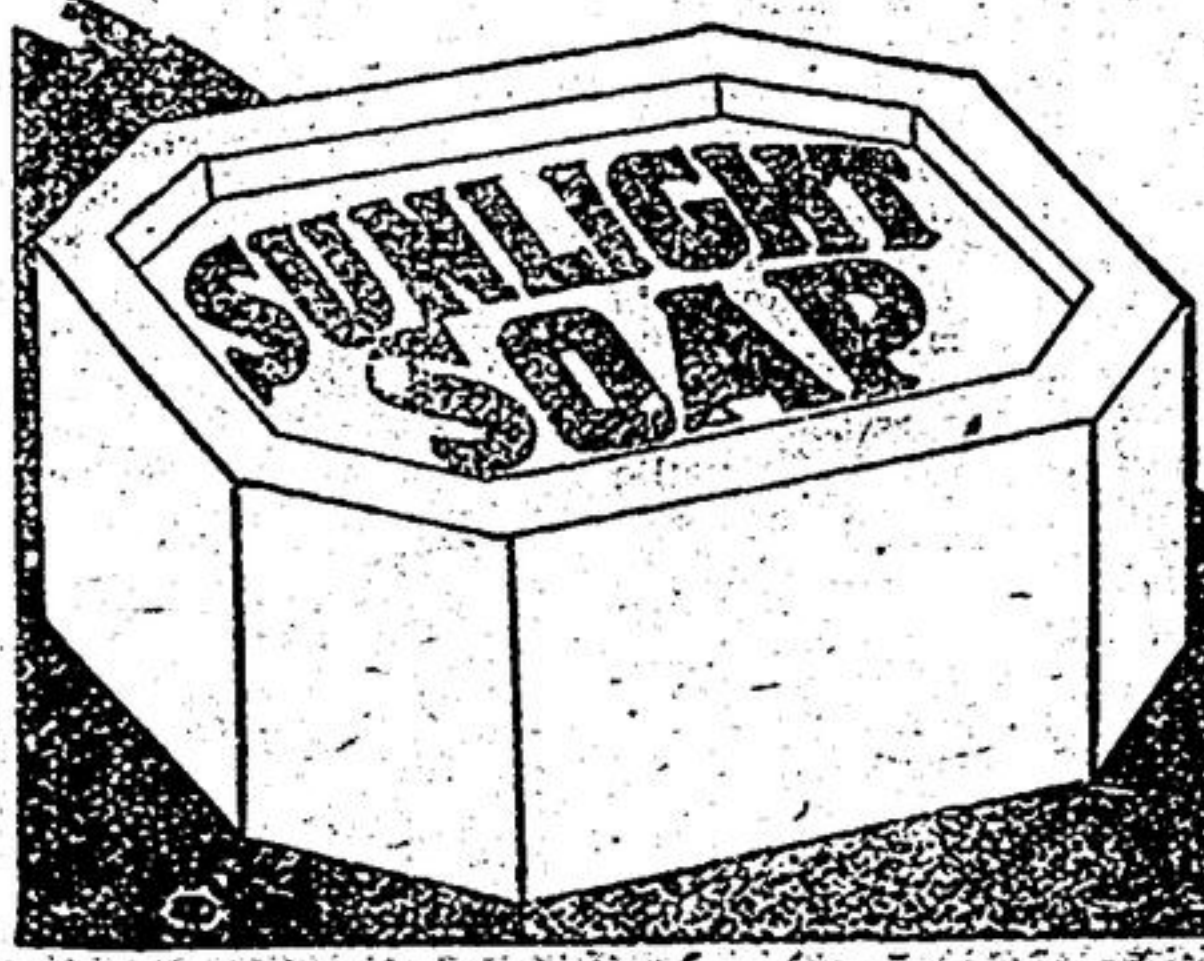
says Mrs. Experience, to housewives interested in saving.



"Of course, you know right away that I refer to Sunlight—because Sunlight is the only laundry bar soap made in Canada that is guaranteed pure. A \$5,000 Guarantee of Purity goes with every bar; and according to the makers, this Guarantee has never once been challenged during the whole lifetime of Sunlight Soap."

"It's perfectly obvious, too, that when every particle of a soap is pure cleansing material—and not loaded with useless adulterants and hardening materials—then that soap has more cleansing power and does more work with less labour. A little of it goes a long way. In short, it's really economical."

"That's why I always use and recommend Sunlight for the laundry, dishes and general housework. Sunlight keeps my hands soft and comfortable, too!" Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto, make it.



Cheese Roast

IN PLACE OF MEAT

—serve this unique roast as the main dish of the meal. Your folks will be delighted.

Recipe, and scores of others, in our free book.

KRAFT CHEESE

Kraft-MacLaren Cheese Co. Ltd., Montreal

Send me free recipe book.

Name _____

Address _____